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TYBURN

TO THE

MARINE SOCIETY.

A

POEM.

Price One Shilling.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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LONDON:
Printed for M. COOPER in Pater-noſter Row.
MDCCLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO THE

Moſt ingenious and very learned the Writers and Compilers, male and female, of our preſent MAGAZINES, REVIEWS, CHRONICLES, *and other daily, weekly, or monthly Storehouſes of Wit, Taſte, Science, and Erudition.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

ONCE upon a time a poor ſinner, on his death-bed, was charitably admoniſhed by his confeſſor to make his peace with heaven. The penitent, who,

like many more, had never thought of his ſoul, while he poſſeſſed vigour enough to abuſe the faculties of it, not readily apprehending what was meant by thoſe words, deſired to know how the thing might be done. By renouncing, ſaid his ſpiritual guide, the world, the fleſh, and the devil. As to the firſt, replied the ſick perſon, I am upon the point of doing it for ever. The ſecond—and there he fetched a deep ſigh---I have renounced the ſecond, at leaſt theſe ten years! But for the devil; Doctor, you muſt excuſe me: a man, in my critical ſituation, ought to be very careful how he makes himſelf enemies any where.

WHETHER this was entirely orthodox, in a ſinner going out of the world, I ſhall

ſhall not preſume to determine: but, ſure I am, that, for a ſinner---and is not every author ſuch?---juſt entering into it, no example can be more proper to imitate.

In conformity to it, if I have been careful, through the whole poem, not to offend even the moſt inconſiderable of my readers; you may be aſſured, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I would particularly avoid making enemies of my patrons: of you, I mean, who have the reputation of all writers, living and dead, foreign and domeſtic, entirely in your power; and who deal out that portion of fame, which is due to them all, with the niceſt diſcernment, accuracy, and candour.

INDEED, there is ſomething ſaid, towards the end, concerning Magazines, which may ſeem, at firſt ſight, to contradict this aſſertion. But that is eaſily got over, by a ſolution equally ſimple and natural. As thus. I only intreat each of you, ſeverally, to believe, that, where mention is made of thoſe invaluable repoſitories of ſenſe and criticiſm, the verſes in queſtion were undoubtedly meant of any other Magazine, but that individual one in which you happen then to be concerned. By this juſt diſtinction, no poſſible offence, you ſee, can be given or taken, on either ſide.

YOU may, from all this, be naturally led to imagine, that I am here begging your protection, and beſpeaking your favour.

favour. But much leſs will ſuffice my ambition. I only aſk, what, to many perſons, may appear the ſmalleſt obligation poſſible, and yet by me will be held the greateſt; that you would ſay nothing at all of the poem I inſcribe to you; neither good nor harm. For I have remarked, with much inward ſatisfaction, no doubt, that your great pupil, the public, has, on many occaſions, a moſt reſigned deference for your judgment; applauding or blaming implicitly, as you lead the cry. Now, as I am a young author, wholly obſcure and unknown, ſhould you take any notice, even the ſlighteſt, of this my firſt eſſay; I can only know what your opinion is: not what my countrymen, left to themſelves, would judge either of it or me. Shall

I,

I, therefore, intreat and prevail with you to leave, for once, your ward, though ſtill a minor, to himſelf? Suffer him, in God's name, this one time at leaſt, to exert unbiaſſed that ſhare of diſcernment and taſte, which his favourable ſtar has poured down ſo plentifully on the preſent age. I ſhall then know, with ſome degree of certainty, whether I ought to write again or not: and I proteſt beforehand, that, ſhould the ſentence of my peers be to death, or, which is the ſame thing, to perpetual ſilence, I will not demur nor plead the leaſt ſyllable in arreſt of judgment.

One word in behalf of the bookſeller, and then I have done. He obſerved to me, that he has paid a conſiderable price--

ten

ten days hence he will know whether it is too much--for his copy. And he has ſeen, that when a new book appears, you never fail to tranſplant from it into your's the choiceſt and moſt beautiful flowers: although, as he remarks, they are neither of your own growth, nor have you been at one farthing's charge in rearing them. Theſe now being moſt judiciouſly culled, and ready-made up into ſix or twelve-penny noſegays, the reader, for whoſe ſake, only, you take all this periodical trouble, will neither be inclined to purchaſe, nor even look into, the rifled nurſery, where they originally grew. And as this will be evidently to his great loſs, he humbly begs, by me, that you would obſerve in his caſe the plain rule of natural equity: and he faithfully promiſes

the

the ſame on his part, with regard to you. Do, as you would be done by. As he never took any thing from you, be juſt in your turn, and take nothing from him. Your compliance with theſe two requeſts, which perhaps after all are not very unreaſonable, will confirm me,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Your conſtant Reader,

and Admirer,

Bath, April 10, 1759.

BUTLER SWIFT.

TYBURN

TO THE

MARINE SOCIETY.

IT has been, all examples ſhow it,
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down through modern time,
To bid dead matter live in rhime;
To dignify, with ſenſe and ſpeech,
The poſt on which you rub your breech;
With wit inſpire even wooden blocks;
Draw repartee from ſenſeleſs rocks;

Make buzzards ſenators of note,
And rooks harangue, that geeſe may vote.

THESE moral fictions, firſt deſign'd
To mend and mortify mankind,
Old Eſop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
Could all a ſtateſman's merit feel;
And, to its own importance juſt,
Exclaim, with *Bufo*, What a duſt!
His horſe-dung, when the flood ran high,
In *Colon*'s air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid ſtream,
Lord love us, how we apples ſwim!

BUT farther inſtances to cite,
Would tire the hearer's patience quite,
Of *Magpies* mix'd in deep debate;
Of *Monkeys* that new-mold the ſtate;
And, from the filth of dunghills drawn,
Lewd *Goats* beneath a prelate's lawn.
No: what their numbers and their worth;
How theſe admire, while thoſe hold forth,
From Hide-park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houſes tell;
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wiſdom may be found:
While I, for ornament and uſe,
An ORATOR of WOOD produce.

WHY ſhould the gentle reader ſtare?
Are WOODEN ORATORS ſo rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, *Rufus*' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That hears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if ſuch things are a wonder.
So can *Saint Dunſtan*'s in the *Weſt*,
When good *Romaine* harangues his beſt,
And tells his ſtaring congregation,
That ſober ſenſe is ſure damnation;
That *Newton*'s guilt was worſe than treaſon,
For uſing, what God gave him, reaſon.

LOOK all this monſter-town around;
What kindred-orators abound!

Each

Each club has blocks for politicians;
Each rout its puppet-rhetoricians:
And is it not ſtill underſtood,
That blocks and puppets are mere wood?
For 'tis the ſenſe, and not the feature,
That muſt denominate each creature.

A POX of all this prefacing!
Smart *Balbus* cries: come, name the thing;
That ſuch there are, we all agree:
What is this wood? Why---TYBURN-TREE:

O *Cocoa-Tree*, for ſenſe and reaſon
Fam'd, as for never talking treaſon!
And thou, for rhetoric all thy own,
Scotch and Hibernian, no leſs known;

Of

Of *Olmutz*, *Breſlau*, camps at *Pirna*,
Each day debating, decent *Smyrna!*
Hear now this REVEREND OAK harangue,
Who makes men do ſo, ere they hang.

" EACH thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
When rogues ſo rais'd the price of wheat,
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Juſt as, when doctors' fees run high,
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durſt into murmurs break;
For loſers muſt have leave to ſpeak:
Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling
Each neighbour-*rogue* they found foreſtalling.

As

As *theſe* again, their knaves and ſetters,
Durſt vent complaints againſt their betters;
Whoſe only crime was in defeating
Their ſchemes of growing rich by cheating:
So, ſhall not *I* my wrongs relate,
An injur'd *Miniſter* of ſtate?
The *Finiſher* of care and pain
May, ſure, with better grace complain,
For reaſons no leſs ſtrong and true,
MARINE SOCIETY, of you!
Of you, as every carman knows,
My lateſt and moſt fatal foes.

MY property you baſely ſteal,
Which even a Britiſh *Oak* can feel:

Feel and lament! What wonder then
It ſhould be felt by Britiſh *Men*,
When France, inſulting, durſt invade
Their cleareſt property of trade?
For which both nations, at the bar
Of that ſupreme tribunal, war,
To ſhow their reaſons have agree'd,
And lawyers, by ten thouſands, fee'd;
Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns;
And each his client's cauſe maintains,
By knocking out th' opponent's brains:
While Europe all----but we adjourn
This wiſe digreſſion, and return.

Your rules and ſtatutes have undone me:
My ſureſt cards begin to ſhun me.
My native ſubjects dare rebel,
Thoſe who were born for me and hell:
And, but for you, the ſcoundrel-line
Had, every mother's ſon, died mine.
That numerous, naſty generation,
Who ſwarm, like vermin, o'er the nation;
And laſt, in this lewd capital,
The mighty ſink of *Britain*, fall.
Thoſe too, unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or ſuburb calls her own;
Of vagrant love the various ſpawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,

Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches:
For neither health nor ſhame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight-Venus.

Nor let my cits be here forgot:
They know to ſin as well as ſot.
When night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin négligé of ſhade,
Late-riſen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council ſally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
And where it is their fate, perhaps,
To change their ready caſh for claps;

Or get a ſon, whoſe firſt eſſay
Will filch his father's *Till* away;
Perhaps a daughter, to retire,
Some few years hence, with her own fire:
And, while his hand is on her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley, too, is grown ſo nice,
A broker dares refine on vice:
With lord-like ſcorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds ſpouſe;
For young and freſh while he would wiſh her,
His looſe thought glows with *K---y F----r*;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a * * * * *.

Even hoary *Avarice* hath his frolic,
Though paying for it gives the cholic:
He counts twelve half-pence o'er and o'er,
Much wiſhing he may wench no more!
Nay, like the worſt of whores and thieves,
Should iſſue come, remorſeleſs leaves
The ſon of threeſcore thouſand pound,
Like other puppies, to be drown'd:
Or, ſhould it ſcape, at ſome lane's end,
Unfeeling, ſees the wretch attend,
To clean his dirty father's ſhoes;
And grudges him his farthing-dues.

Now theſe, of each degree and ſort,
At *Wapping* dropp'd, perhaps at Court,

Bred

Bred up for me, to ſwear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and heaven defy;
Theſe, Tyburn's regimented train,
Who riſk their necks to ſpread my reign,
When gin inflames, when hunger arms,
Fill town and country with alarms;
Force each militia-man they meet
To deſperate fight, or due retreat;
And teach their captains, knight or ſquire,
To bear the ſight and ſmell of fire:
For, do we juſtice to their merit,
They keep awake our warlike ſpirit.
Theſe, ſire and ſon, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine:

And each, by diſcipline ſevere,
Improv'd beyond all ſhame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My conſtant friend the good *Old Baily*
To me made over, late or ſoon;
I think, at lateſt, once a moon:
But, by your interloping care,
Not one in ten will be my ſhare.

ERE 'tis too late your error ſee,
You foes to *Britain*, and to me.
To me: agreed---But to the nation?---
I prove it thus by demonſtration.

FIRST, that there is much good in ill,
My great apoſtle *Mandevile*

Has

Has made moſt clear. Read, if you pleaſe,
His *moral* FABLE of the BEES.
Our reverend clergy next will own,
Were all men good, their trade were gone;
That were it not for uſeful vice,
Their learned pains would bear no price:
Nay, we ſhould quickly bid defiance
To their demonſtrated alliance.
He too, my fam'd ‡ *Biographer*,
Whoſe lives to *Plutarch*'s ſome prefer,
As choice examples there they find,
Exactly ſuiting to their mind;
Then, then indeed, a poor divine,
No more, alas! could write or dine.

NEXT, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
Of individuals, *Jack* and *Joe*.

‡ The ordinary of Newgate.

Now

Now theſe, our ſovereign lords the rabble,
For ever prone to growl and ſquabble,
The monſtrous many-headed beaſt,
Whom we muſt not offend, but feaſt,
Like *Cerberus*, ſhould have their ſop:
And what is that, but truſſing up?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day!
A friend or two, from *Tipperary*,
Pleaſe more than * *Cam* and * *Dromedary!*
To ſee * *Page* ſwinging they admire,
Beyond even * *Madox* on his wire!
No baiting of a bull or bear,
To * *Perry* dangling in the air!
And then, the being drunk a week,
For joy, ſome * *Sheppard* did not ſqueak!

* * * * * * As theſe are all perſons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unneceſſary.

But now that thoſe good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar!
Your ſcheme abſurd of ſober rules
Will ſink the race of men to mules;
For ever drudging, ſweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling:
Hard maſters! who, juſt when they need 'em,
With a few thiſtles deign to feed 'em:
Without one pleaſurable hour!
For I ſcarce reckon on the TOWER----
Without a ſhow to make them hollow!
A hero, each man there may follow,
And when he comes himſelf to ſwing,
With equal ſpirit wear my ſtring!

O could I call back from the dead,
And place my *D---ley* at their head!
To plead their injur'd rights and mine,
His * lordſhip would even leave to dine.

YET more---for it is ſeldom known
That fault or folly ſtands alone----
You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind;
Which muſt beget, in heads untry'd,
That worſt of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forſake,
Will hope, forſooth, to be a *Blake!*

* This noble perſon had a box by the year in my theatre, and was an aſſiduous ſpectator of the monthly ſhows exhibited there.
TYBURN.

There

There, on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already ſtruts the future *Bembow!*
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.
Theſe ſturdy ſons of blood and blows,
By pulling *Monſieur* by the noſe,
By making kicks and cuffs the faſhion,
Will put all Europe in a paſſion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, "*juſqu' au centuple:*"
So the *French King* was heard to cry---
And can a *King* of *Frenchmen* lie?

BESIDES, our *Hogan Mogan* friends,
Though ſurely for no ſelfiſh ends,

By the dead letter of a treaty,
Shew they can gull both court and city;
Shew their juſt title in purſuing
What we ſubſcrib'd to, our own ruin:
And to the ſcorn of France expoſe
The fool-allies, they treat as foes;
Since all you get, by law-aſſizes,
For loſs of limbs, is loſs of prizes.

THESE and more miſchiefs I foreſee
From fondling brats of baſe degree.
As muſhrooms that on dunghills riſe,
The kindred-weeds beneath deſpiſe;
So theſe their fellows will contemn,
Who, in revenge, will rage at them:

For

For, through each rank, what more offends,
Than to behold the riſe of friends?
Still when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we muſt hate.
Exalt a ſcoundrel, that ſells plums,
Or macaroons, for city-drums,
And ſeat him on the bench---his curſhip
Aſſumes at once the man of worſhip;
Looks down, as he would look you dead,
And prates of laws he never read:
While neighbouring grocers, that now fear him,
With inward envy pine to hear him.
So will it be endur'd, when *John*
Has put my *hempen ribbon* on,

To

To ſee his antient meſs-mate *Cloud*,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Paſs in *another* all of *ſilk*.

YET, one more mournful caſe to put:
A hundred mouths at once you ſhut!
Half Grub-ſtreet, ſilenc'd in an hour,
Muſt curſe your interpoſing power!
If *my* loſt ſons no longer ſteal,
What ſon of *hers* can earn a meal?
You ruin many a gentle bard,
Who liv'd by heroes that die hard!
Their brother-hawkers too! that ſung
How great from world to world they ſwung;

And

And by ſad ſonnets, quaver'd loud,
Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd!
Be juſt: and ſince you thus diſtreſs 'em,
In time make ſome attonement---preſs 'em.

BLIND *Fielding* too---a miſchief on him!
I wiſh my ſons would meet and ſtone him!
Sends his black ſquadrons up and down,
Who drive my *beſt boys* back to town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To eaſe rich raſcals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unſafe;
That there are ſurer ways by half,
To which they have their equal claim,
Of earning daily food and fame:

So

So down, at home, they ſit, and think
How beſt to *rob*, with pen and ink.

HENCE, red-hot letters and eſſays,
By the *John Lilburn* of theſe days;
Who guards his want of ſhame and ſenſe,
With ſhield of ſevenfold impudence.
But let no modern *Doctor* aim,
By wearing, to degrade *this* name;
Till, ſent from Pluto's nether ſkies,
A true *Sacheverel* ſhall ariſe.
Hence cards on *Pelham*, cards on *Pitt*,
With much abuſe and little wit.
Hence ſatires againſt *Hardwicke* penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend:

As Auſtrian hacks the *Pruſſian* treat,
They blacken whom they cannot beat.
Hence oft aſcrib'd to *Fox*, at leaſt
All that defames his name-ſake-beaſt.
Hence *Cloacina* hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the Muſe,
That ſink, where myriads went before,
And ſleep within the chaos hoar:
While her brown *daughters*, under ground,
Are fed with *Monitors* profound.
Each eager hand a fragment ſnaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.

These, ſingly, contributions raiſe,
Of caſual pudding and of praiſe.

Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due meaſures not to hang,
In *Magazines* their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin:
Whoſe weekly, or whoſe monthly, feat is
Firſt to decry, then ſteal, your treatiſe.
So rogues in France perform their job;
Aſſaſſinating, ere they rob.

But, this long narrative to cloſe:
They who would grievances expoſe,
In all good policy, no leſs,
Should ſhew the methods to redreſs.
If commerce, ſinking in one ſcale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail;

The taſk is next, all ſtateſmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That riſing there in due degree,
The public may no loſer be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, deſtroy my trade;
That we at laſt may part good friends,
Hear how you ſtill may make amends.

O SEARCH this ſinful town with care:
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Chriſtians, rogues alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's ſpoils!

The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and diſgrace.
Secret and ſnug, by daily ſtealth,
The buſy vermine pick up wealth;
Then, without birth, control the great!
Then, without talents, rule the ſtate!
Let my * JACK HILL but turn them o'er,
The miſcreants ſhall offend no more.

SOME ladies too---for ſome there are,
With ſhame and decency at war,
Who into vice intrepid ruſh;
Put modeſt whoring to the bluſh;

* This ingenious and learned gentleman publiſhed ſome letters, laſt year, in the name and on the behalf of my ſervant *John Ketch*; for which I have thought it my duty here to allow him the diſtinction he has claimed, and very well deſerves.

TYBURN.

And,

And, ere 'tis faſhionably dark,
Pick *H---gs* up in either park;
Or with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.

O DECENCY! fair virtue's guard;
Like virtue too, thy own reward;
For never widow, wife, or maid,
Could charm the ſoul without thy aid!
As wiſe men hold, that ſenſe of ſhame
Thy veryeſt rebels may reclaim,
Now, from thy page, their names diſcloſe;
Since, to reform, we muſt expoſe,
Muſt hang them up in open view,
That each fair Devil may have her due:

For

For I, though greedy as the grave,
Would forfeit much, the ſex to ſave.
But, lo! the *Goddeſs* turns away,
Diſpleas'd alike with green and grey:
" Thoſe names, ſhe cries, that grace your age,
Are vaniſh'd total from my page."
Then ſeek we, though it ſomething odd is,
Aſſiſtance from a *Gallic* Goddeſs;
Patch'd, painted, libertinely free,
Her name, on earth, *Effronterie*;
Who ſcorns from Nature to derive
That youth ſhe may ſo long ſurvive;
But on a ground of pale threeſcore,
Can ſpread the roſe of twenty-four;

Can bid a nut-brown boſom glow
With purer white than lillies know.
O power of beauty ever-green!
The ſame at fifty and fifteen,
That taſk be thine; as now 'tis known
The names we want are all thy own.
Make for thy favourite daughters room,
Rich both in French and Britiſh bloom:
And firſt---but ſee! their votaries ſtare.
What! brand the brighteſt of the fair?
This if you do, you may repent it;
For all, but huſbands, will reſent it.
We burn a Jew, if we convict him
Of offering up *one* chriſtian victim;

Can

What

What think you then remains for him,
But inſtant tearing limb from limb,
Who immolates at once, by *dozens*,
Our wives and daughters, aunts and couſins?
Well, gentle folks, at your petition,
We drop them till our next edition.

SEND me each miſchief-making nibler;
'Tis equal, ſenator or ſcribler:
Who on the ſelf-ſame ſpot of ground,
The ſelf-ſame hearers ſtaring round,
Abjure and join with, praiſe and blame,
Both men and meaſures, ſtill the ſame.

Or ſerve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, flimzey, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themſelves;
Leſs aiming to be wiſe than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.

SEND me each *ſtring*---ſave green and blue:
Theſe, brother TOWER-HILL, wait for you.
But, *Lollius*, be not in the ſpleen:
'Tis only ARTHUR's KNIGHTS I mean---
Not thoſe of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the *round*, but *gaming* table;

Or

Who, every night, the waiters ſay,
Break every law they make by day;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each other's goods and chattels;
While from the mouth of magic box,
With curſes dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame---yet call it play!
Till, by advice of ſpecial friends,
The titled dupe a ſharper ends:

Or, if ſome drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!

THE END.

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